

THE ARCHITECT'S USE OF COLOUR.

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I. By HALSEY R. RICARDO.

WHAT a powerful resource Colour is to an architect gets pressed home to him incessantly as he threads his way through the streets of our towns. What is it that arrests his attention and dwells in his memory after his walk is over? The shop windows and the beautiful stuffs inside them, the tiled window flower-boxes, the waving heraldry of a flag, the scarlet splendour of a chimney pot touched by the sun's rays and backed by the immeasurable blue of the sky. In Leadenhall Street, for instance, there are many examples of fine architecture; and yet, to quote my own feelings, amidst that desert of excellent building my thoughts hark back to some half-dozen pictures of ships that hang outside some of the great offices, as oases of comfort and refreshment.

And it is almost the only resource left to us. We have played upon the gamut of light and shadow, and there is no sunshine—as if we had been performers on a dumb piano. The fantasia was of the best, most scholarly; the execution deft to a degree; and the effect nothing, or even less than nothing—like the shocking chatter of dead men's teeth. The piano had strings once; but in the dust and gloom of the corner into which we have impatiently thrust it they have snapped and rotted. We want the room for other purposes: newspaper reading, easy-chairs, and the many other painful aids to comfort that we fret our lives with. So in the streets of to-day, except in the few occasions when monumental building is possible and permitted, the regulation architecture seems strangely superfluous. Who wants all the pomp of cornice, pilaster, architrave, and string? Not the passer-by certainly; for without them the street would be wider, brighter, and clearer. Not the owner who went to the expense of providing these costly features, for he has put outside them great six-foot gold letters, setting forth his name and profession. It is the architect who wants it, and he has been dreaming a fond dream.

In the rock city of Athens, and by the now sad, deserted seashore of Paestum, to take two of many instances, are effects in marble and stone that can never be forgotten. In the Forum at Rome and elsewhere we see the same blow struck again, though with less vigour and

nerve to the blow. Hundreds of years later there springs up a renaissance of these effects, and Europe satisfies its awakened mind with capitals and cornice. Consecrated by time and association, they have lived happily with us, and it seems almost uncalled for the query whether or no by now the brains aren't out.

Shadows of pure ultramarine thrown across the opalescent translucency of weathered marble; the tawny, russet, and gold bosses glinting from the many-hued travertine, peering and flickering from out of the broad band of deep shadows that has so much to reveal—these be beauties indeed! But what hope is there of reproducing these in a modern street, such as, say, Northumberland Avenue—a street built of late years, and according to modern notions of proportion and liberality? Take the cornice. The members that should be brilliant with graduated light are black with the foul smears of sooty water. The soffits which should be dark in shade are light in the (comparatively) natural colour of the stone, and are fast shredding themselves to pieces from the corrosive damp that settles there. And still we go on, ignoring the inevitable travesty that dirt and fog will make of our designs. On our columns a black lichenous growth forms shadows subversive of shape and solidity; whilst as for our capitals, well, the sparrows build in them, or else we hide them in wire cages, so that the poor birds shan't. And then there is frequently the spectacle of all this hamper and apparent solidity based on a sheet of plate-glass on edge.

The remedy for this is Colour. With the use of colour you may forego mouldings and projections: you get their effect by other means. With colour you shall put your lights and shadows where you choose; like another Joshua command the sun to stand at your bidding; and like Orpheus you will "have made a lasting spring."

It so happens that I am frequently in sight of a wall built by Mr. De Morgan and faced with his tiles. I have seen it at all seasons, under all weathers, in all lights and twilights, and it is always a feast and a rest to the eyes. Think of whole streets vibrating with harmonies of colour, like the black cliffs by the seashore that stand over deep pools of brown and green water, and the short green velvet turf outlines itself sharply against the blue sky. It is within our reach, and, moreover, is profoundly sensible. Your glazed brick or tile is a piece of permanent colour, wind-proof and rain-proof, and, so far as it goes, germ-proof. I should, perhaps, explain that I advocate glazed material and intense colour in the streets of manufacturing and crowded towns where there is no other colour. In the country, and in those favoured cities where houses have gardens, where creepers hang in rich festoons, where the inquisitive laburnum shakes a merry golden tassel at the dowager lilac, and the apples have a friendly rivalry with the pear trees over the way, the local building materials will probably supply us with colour enough to set off and harmonise with the palette set by Nature. But in the street, where all the colour there is is of man's own making, it should be full and strong.

Besides the convenience of colour there is the distinction. What a deal of pleasure have we lost since they blotted out the tile panels in Piccadilly that were over a shop that once was Sotheran's and is now a sausage-maker's! They were not ideally good of their kind, but they always nodded to one in a welcoming way as one passed and looked up at them, and their extinction has lessened the poor gaiety of Piccadilly. The shop has other and considerable architectural merits, but these panels gave it a distinction, causing one to pause and discover its other beauties.

In nature we feel the comfort of colour. Poets and other sensible people send their broken-hearted victims to "dusky groves and purling streams" for solace and relief. So, too, in the insides of our houses we hunger after colour; and if we have the courage of our instincts we get it. With colour you can make your room your own—not wholly, I must

admit, for the proportions of the room and the large, hopeless panes of the windows are unconquerable things. Still, it is the colour you put on the walls more than the furniture that distinguishes your room from another's. I do not mean the colours merely, but the harmony of them and their scheme. A room may have its walls white, and still be full of colour. Colour makes itself felt, and persists in the memory long after the particular pattern used to display it has faded from the mind. Both the "blue" room and the "brown," between which the Vicar of Wakefield used to move, had, I doubt not, patterns on their papers and sprigs of flowers on their hangings, but the rooms were known by their colours.

I have referred before to the economy of colour, enabling one to dispense with much of the architectural frippery felt to be requisite to prevent the surfaces of ungraduated plain tint appearing too bald. Some years ago there was at Barnard's Inn an exhibition of furniture. It was a small but most interesting exhibition. It had various gospels to preach, and it preached them eloquently. One, which pressed itself upon me especially, was that where you had a colour scheme you could dispense with mouldings. A thin line of inlay here, a broad band there, quaint juxtaposition of the figure of the woods, apt employment of various kinds, not only took the place of mouldings unremarked, but seemed almost to cry out "Isn't this a better and a truer use of the material?" What amount of moulding has the Japanese cabinet?

We might, I believe, build our street houses without cornices, strings, or window-sills, and yet receive the thanks of the traffic in the streets. What shall we build them with? In our towns they should be faced with materials that are not affected by the town's atmosphere. This would exclude marble, terra-cotta, brick, and stone, and leave us polished granite, glazed bricks and tiles. It would exclude the tender softening that the finger of Time traces on our buildings—blunting here, harmonising there, accentuating, and suppressing. Our buildings would never look any better than they did the day the scaffolding was struck. In clean places, where the air is pure, this would be a sacrifice unwarranted; but in our manufacturing towns what is this broidery that Time flings round our buildings? It is made of soot. The element of decay is there too, and in such awful violence that it seems doubtful whether a modern building can survive its architect, unless the latter is an old man. Age steals over the face of a building and welds its various parts and materials into a beautiful harmony. Yes, it does—provided that those parts and materials are of the same life as each other. But when they are not? To what end have you courted the weathering of your brickwork if at the end of every three or four years your harmony is dissipated by the necessity of repainting your wood cornice and window-frames? With imperishable materials your building looks no better when you come to repaint than it did when it was new; but when you have repainted the woodwork and washed down its glazed face it looks no worse. It has been objected that the sheen on glazed surfaces would be a serious drawback. I do not think the few examples we have show this. The upper part of a corner shop in Oxford Street was covered with white glazed tiles—a very trying test—but a film of "London's Entire" settled on it in a very short time, and it required some adroitness to select such a position as should show the glare. Indeed, of glazed surfaces our own plate-glass windows should hold out undimmed longest, and yet we know, by sad experience, how often they require to be cleaned. That corner shop was a lost opportunity. We travel all the way to Pistoja to see John Robbia's coloured terra-cotta frieze to the hospital there; we pass by unremarked the frieze of uncoloured terra-cotta to Heath's hat-shop.

The emperor boasted that he found Rome brick and left her marble; with us marble suggests restaurants and underground conveniences. It may be urged that the present bun-shop plays something of the part in our city life that the public baths did at Rome. The Government clerk broke off in the middle of the day and went for an hour or so to the bath,

and came back to complete the rest of his day's toil. In these baths there was no stint of marbles and gilding. Architectural history, therefore, may be repeating itself when we adjourn to rooms upholstered in marble and mosaic for the midday coffee and bun. But the result is that it has now become exceedingly difficult to provide marble as a wall covering without the material suggesting its most popular uses. One has to recall to oneself the Duomo and Baptistry at Florence, or St. Mark's at Venice, to keep the mind in its proper key. St. Mark's of Venice! What magic there is in that name! But the door of description there—since the publication of Mr. Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*—has been closed. But, if I may say so, St. Mark's displays the architect's use of colour, as differentiated from the painter's. The Sistine Chapel, on the other hand, sets forth the sculptor's use of colour—just as Guido's "Aurora" shows the painter's. At an earlier date the arts were not so specialised, and your painter was sculptor, architect, and anything else that might come out of a goldsmith's shop. So that, to quote at random, Giotto's work at Assisi and Padua, Benozzo Gozzoli's in the Riccardi Palace at Florence, Perugino's Sala del Cambio at Perugia, have the decorative and architectonic use of colour. Could you name more beautiful examples of the use of colour? Of mosaic it is satisfactory to think that it is unnecessary for me to do more than quote the last example now being disclosed in St. Paul's Cathedral. It shows that not the last word has been said in the treatment of this material, and where there is so much of vigour and life in a form of decoration, we may predict new developments in its progress. It may be urged that colour used in the profusion that I advocate would be abused, and our state then worse than it is now. "Sir," said Imlac, "if I am to conquer every "objection before we start, we shall make no progress." But would it be worse? Over a front sheeted in blues and greens—or in dappled rose, as the front of the Venetian Doge's palace—would not the huge gold letters look less conspicuous than they do now against their background of sooty bricks? Colour, in large masses, is a solvent, absorbing and blending chance hues thrown upon it. How soon a scarlet soldier disappears from sight against a green background of copse and trees!

Putting aside the "superior person," it is quite clear that the general public delights in colour. Witness the public-houses, theatres, and music-halls, with their profusion of glitter. The costermonger paints his barrow in unconscious revelation of his sympathy with the great masters, but with pious effort to hand down the tradition undiminished.

As to cost, the money wasted in idle profusion of column and baluster and carving would defray the extra cost of a faience front, treated in sober common sense.

As to the architect's actual use of colour, what can be said beyond that his use of it should be large and broad? Indoors your colour may be in picture form if you please; but out of doors you require effect, not detail—bands, diapers, amongst which the windows locate themselves without regard to pattern or symmetry. The pattern is valuable merely as a convenient system of gradation. Not that this should be held the final ideal of outside colouring; we may in time reach the modelled figures of Susa, our buildings clasped and fortified by allegorical supporters; we might impress to our service the romance and portraiture of our time.

I hope this plentiful use of cut-brick in our streets may be taken as the sign of a craving for colour, for surely it has no other justification: the brick itself soon tones into a dull, ungraduated, dirty red, and perishes as rapidly as stone, and it has the disadvantage of being costly as well as short-lived.

As to modern instances of coloured building materials, I shall only cite Mr. Butterfield's work. Here, in London, time and dirt have not been friendly to his buildings: they have blended his schemes of colour till they are now indistinguishable—on the exteriors at any rate.

But in the country and at Oxford one may study his genius under as good conditions as man is likely to get in this poor world. At St. Mary's Church, near Torquay, the church is a symphony in Devonshire marble and alabaster; near Plymouth the material is granite; near Midhurst, clunch. In each case the charm of colour seems to master the beauty of form; at any rate, one's last impression is that of colour. But Keble College is the great achievement. I will not talk of the interior decoration, but confine myself to the outside. Mr. Butterfield has taken the strong step of playing confidently into the hands of Time. Not in our time will the full beauty of his brickwork be developed; but we can see how just are his grounds for confidence as we contrast the different dates of the building and watch its maturing. Part of Jesus College, Cambridge, was built in many-coloured bricks 400 years ago. To describe the beautiful fusion of iridescent tints that Time's fancy has occupied itself in mingling one must use the word opal. The black headers have borrowed of the sky, of the grass, of their neighbours, and gleam as dark blue, green, and purple topazes; the yellow has borrowed of the red, and the red has taken toll of the yellow, till, under scrutiny, the pattern becomes shy and refuses to let itself be traced, though at half-glance it seems obvious enough. The lichens contribute the russets, greys, and gold. In this gay heraldry the windows occur quite simply, and their quietude enforces the splendour of their setting. When our descendants shall be heading their letters with the year 2000 and more they will treasure amongst their possessions at Oxford of the Middle Ages this amazing jewel of our own times.

II. By CHRISTOPHER WHALL.

IN addressing an audience composed of members of one's own profession (I hope I am not making too daring a claim in so describing my position—"I also am an—artist") several methods of doing so always present themselves, and between these it is often rather difficult to know which to choose for the best. There is, first, what one wants to say, what one has most at heart, what one feels that one knows most about; in short, there is the subject as it presents itself to us; as it has become a part of our own life. But there is also what our audience most want to hear: what in our own stock of knowledge may be most likely to be novel or useful.

I shall endeavour, in my remarks, to bear both in mind. I have some things which, if I speak at all, I certainly wish to say—I have some which I am not without hope you may find interesting and useful to hear.

Painters watch architecture a good deal more than I fancy architects at all imagine; and not being able to enter into all the subtleties of construction, and therefore unable also to appreciate to the full all the harmonies of form and proportion which in your work spring from this constructive basis, their attention is naturally first and chiefly arrested by that quality in which they themselves are specialists; and I must admit that too often they are daunted, and baffled, and, so to speak, put off the track of architecture by being met at the outset with such flagrant, such frequent, and, as it seems to them (to us, I should say), such needless sins against the harmony of colour, or at least such needless neglect of its resources. When we see architects of position, to whom we look for light and leading, using that flat, harsh, shiny, ochreous, drab terra-cotta—as disagreeable to all the senses to which it appeals as "mild American" cheese, and rather like it—or when we see some discords in purple slate, or the hardly less fearful discords in green slate, when used—as architects persist in using it—in conjunction with red sandstone or red brick, our eyes get no further, and we look away at once from buildings which often contain great beauties of other kinds because they are presented to us in these colours.

Now the union of the arts is what we all desire; it seems to be the hope of art for the future, and I think things show that it is a growing hope, and borne at present upon a flowing tide; and I hail this interchange of ideas which is taking place so much now between the various arts as a most happy augury. This is the third time lately that I myself have been asked to speak to an architectural audience on Colour, and I look upon it as a great privilege, and an opportunity of great usefulness, though I could wish that the task had fallen into stronger hands.

I have asked myself what it is in our training and practice which puts us so far apart. Is it that we study Nature, and that you do not? We should be arrogant if we made such an assumption; but I think it lies mainly in this, that all our work is experimental, and some of yours theoretical. I do not say that painters are practical men and architects are dreamers; that would be too startling a reversal of the accepted view; but in this particular department of colour the habit of mind which architects have acquired from the practice of solving problems on paper, I am sure, acts as a disadvantage to them. And it is a curious thing to observe, as I often have done, in this matter the painter coming forward as the "practical man." It has often fallen to my lot, in discussing colour problems in company with the architect, to be astonished at his failing to grasp what have seemed to me such obvious requirements of the case, and such obvious expedients for meeting them, and I have put it down to the fact that my constant gathering of materials from Nature, and so going always for help to a source outside of myself, has led me to deal with things as I find them (which is often dealing with the unforeseen and unexpected); whereas he has preconceived the thing too much, and the accidents which crop up in practical working, which are so many helps and inspirations to me, are to him sources of hindrance.

I shall venture now to describe to you some practical instances of what I mean. I called on an architect lately and found him surrounded with half-yard samples of "ecclesiastical" textile fabrics, which he had laid out on the floor. "Oh, you're the man I want," he said; "come and tell me what to choose for the dossal of my church." "Dossal," said I, "isn't that an upright thing?" "Yes—you know—goes at the back of the altar." "Well," I said, "I thought you were choosing a carpet. Why don't you hang the things up?" So he hung them up. Then I asked how far off he wanted his effect to be judged from; and I found it was a big church, where no one except the ministrants would come within fifty feet of the thing. "How is it possible," I asked, "to judge on the matter in this small room with a 'low light?' I can't tell what they'll look like there; all I can say is that they look pretty 'hideous here!'" I then asked him if he would not by chance be going down to the church itself (it was a good way in the country) before he need send the samples back. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I'm going down to-morrow; that's why I wanted to choose the pattern, so as to show the parson." "Well," I said, "you wanted to choose the pattern in your office because you were going down to the place itself to-morrow—that's one of the drollest 'motives for a human action that I ever came across.'" Of course, the end of it was that he took all the patterns down "to-morrow," and found that not one of them would do.

Now, having thus put my architect friend in the pillory, I am going to hold the dish even by assuming the white sheet on behalf of my own profession, and to allude to a danger which seems threatening the otherwise happy revival of the association of painting proper with architecture. For our painters (misled, as I can only infer, by associating with architects!) are actually adopting the lamentable practice of painting mural decoration in their studios and then having it fixed up. It should never be done, and it never need be done. I have no objection to the wall being lined with canvas if good plaster is not obtainable. I like plaster much the best, but I quite lately did a mural painting in a London church, and the plaster

being insecurely keyed on to the brick, I had it lined with the very same canvas as that used at the Royal Exchange—But (with a large "B") I put it up plain, and painted the work *in situ*.

Gentlemen, resist that lazy and luxurious practice I have spoken of wherever and whenever you can, and urge your painter to climb the ladder to Parnassus for himself. We shall soon be worse off than ever if our cabinet picture men, turning their attention to decoration, do it in this spirit. The criticism we painters make of what we consider a defect in architectural practice may be summed up in the remark that we want to get you more out of your office; it will be a pretty business if we are allowed to turn the tables by bringing our studio on our back into your buildings.

However, what I want to speak of chiefly is not the association of painting with architecture, but the use of colour in your ordinary methods and materials. Now perhaps you think the instance of my friend who chose his draperies in his office an isolated or exaggerated one; but no; perhaps it's rather a fine specimen, but not unique.

I remember, when I was getting together this palette of building materials to point the moral of my remarks, an architect friend made the objection that it would be a useless sort of thing, as he had always found that little cubes of material were very misleading, and that one must see a rood or two of the stuff in order to judge. That was a useful criticism, as it pointed out a danger; but a danger which could only exist in an architect's mind, for it would never have occurred to a painter to suppose that in bringing these colours together one would dream of recommending anyone to take up the bits in his office and say, "That's a nice "colour. I'll use that." But I will explain how I should use them by telling you of a practice which I have always myself found of enormous use and help. It arose from a remark of one of our Academician painters years ago in the schools of the Royal Academy. He said, "When you go out sketching from Nature always associate your landscape sketch, however slight, with figures, in case you should ever want to use it as a background. You will find that it will be quite a different document to you if you have associated it with the idea of figures from the first; every colour in it will have a new relation; and" (and here is the point) "if it happens that figures are not available, put something into the sketch to give it this key, if it is only your handkerchief on a stick; it will tell you at least what a white dress would look like, and that will tell you almost all the rest."

Now I say that if you take your sample of material to the spot, and put it up at such a distance from the eye as to cover about the area the material is to fill—no doubt it will not tell you everything; but it will tell you *something*; it will take you out of your office, and away from your theories, and put you in touch with your locality and conditions. And I am sure it is possible, with a very small bit of material, placed in its right light and on the spot, to judge approximately of the effect of a large area of the same. There is a bugbear, known as "aërial perspective," which is held up as a bar to this. But go to the top of Lincoln Minster and see the eighteen miles of the Great North Road, straight as an arrow through the landscape, and tell me the difference in tint between the first mile and the eighteenth. It is nothing like the difference of tint on a faded buff ribbon. Or look at the thirteen miles of sea from the deck of your steamer (on blue water, of course). On a clear day the blue is the same on the horizon as it is at the vessel's side, just as Henry Moore would have painted it.

Let me illustrate this further. Here is a sketch of a stained-glass window (it is not the one with which the actual experiment was made, but no matter). I went down to the church again about other matters after I had made this sketch, and finding it hanging up (for it was a "proposed" window, and the sketch was hung in the church to catch the shy subscriber), I said, "Let's try and see if we can't tell how the window would look in its place."

I piled up the chairs together as well as I could, and, bolstering the thing up with hassocks and so forth in the brightest light of the nave, I retired to such a distance that the sketch just covered the open space of the window. The chancel happened to be dark, being lighted only with that one large window; and of course the walls round it were about the darkest bits in the church; and the effect of my paper sketch in the full light of the nave, projected upon its place in the chancel, was startling, even to me, who am constantly practising these little "dodges": it positively looked almost like the thing in its place. And to show the value of the experiment I may relate that when I said to the architect who was with me, "I know what the window wants," he replied, "More blue"; and I said, "Precisely." Now I think that was distinctly getting a step nearer to one's conditions. It was not quite so good as having the window in its place and out again (I've done that before now, merely to see how it looked), but it was the next best to it; and this was mainly because one saw it in its place. It might be a good window enough in itself, but that was not quite enough; one wants it to be quite suitable to its surroundings; and the church being of a warm dark buff stone, and the chancel being very dark, everything pointed to it as a special chance for the glorious mystery of "more blue," a thing that is rather rare as an opportunity, and as choice as it is rare.

There is almost always some simple expedient to meet every case. Now here is another example. I have an altar-piece to paint: it has to be done while the altar is being made, and while the chapel is being built which is to contain it. Now what is to be done? No chance for anything here except a studio picture. Well, one must do one's best. I go down to the chapel as soon as it is roofed in, get the carpenter to put me up a lath frame in the place the panel is to occupy, stretch a sheet of paper upon it and study the lights, take some paint and roughly try colours upon it. Here they are. Crude? So they should be; they do not look crude where I painted them, though; but who would ever think of doing such colour as that in a studio? There it was, you see—not quite all one wanted, but some of it. The "handkerchief on a stick."

Here is one more example, if I am not wearying you. It is from a roof I lately painted, and of which I show you some reproductions here; and though this involved other questions, more perhaps, than colour, I quote it as exemplifying the value of constant experiment, seeing that in this instance I ran a great risk of coming to grief, because it did not occur to me to make the experiment till rather late in the day. I had taken the idea of "The sparrow hath found her 'an house, and the swallow a nest," &c., as the motive for my work, and I had conceived a rather novel, and perhaps rather risky, treatment of the roof as a mass of swallows in flight. The place was far away in Scotland, and the time very, very short. It was already September, and the swallows were departing; so I rushed into the paper work, making my studies from nature, setting out the panels, and making the arrangements and groupings before I had asked myself in more than a general way whether the thing was right for its distance. I knew the place already well, having worked there before; and no doubt I had in my mind an instinct of the fitness of things, which seemed to supply the place of experiment, and perhaps to some extent did so, and was really guiding me, unconsciously to myself. Still, when the danger occurred to me, it was with a thrill of trepidation that I made the experiment. The means for it were handy, as I have never failed to find them. I found that my own house from basement to top ceiling was exactly the height of the chapel. I therefore made and painted this specimen, put it on a stick, and got someone to hold it against the top ceiling while I looked at it from below up the well of the staircase. It was with a gasp of relief that I found it to be exactly right, but also found that had the place been ten feet lower the scheme would have been doomed, for the effect would have been unbearable so near the eye.

I hope I am not going too far away from what is expected of me in thus giving you a bare inventory of these little tricks of the trade. To me they are the very essence of my practice; each one has been bought by dear experience, or been taught me, as I conceive, by great good fortune; and it has seemed to me better to speak about these practical hints in dealing with colour problems than to attempt vague and theoretical general statements of colour principles. I shall therefore trouble you with a few more, though the first I shall mention is almost of the nature of a principle, and I am more and more convinced of its truth as such, and that is the rule of using dark schemes of colour in dark places. I believe the converse also is partially, though less emphatically, true. Dainty colour in a well-lighted building I think might often be the wiser choice, though I am far from saying that rich colour may not be used; but in low light there is no "may"; in my opinion it must be used, and a scheme of light colour must not. The treatment of such a building with light colours does not succeed in making the building look bright, but it does succeed, with a vengeance, in making the colours look dull, and to all the disappointment of our artistic sense is added the chagrin of a defeated purpose. I lately had to paint a fresco in a very dark chapel. I may, perhaps, be allowed to call your attention to it—the little mortuary chapel at St. Alban's, Holborn—and I was kindly allowed to choose the colour for the walls to suit my work. I indicated a deep russet red. Well, I was obliged to be away at the critical time, and for one reason or other the colour did not suit. I called in a friend who has made plain colour for walls quite a speciality, and in the end, by his advice, we glazed it down with alizarine crimson—a colour so terrifically strong that one double colour-box tube painted the whole chapel. People said, "Won't it make it dark?" My friend's reply was, in effect, "Your timid compromises can only make it dingy; this *may* 'make it solemn,'" which, to my mind, it exactly succeeded in doing. The moral of that is the wisdom of frankly accepting the conditions of the case and not trying to fight them.

There is another experiment which is, perhaps, not often practicable, but I have made it with advantage, and it may be worth mentioning. The case that occurred was this: I had to do a good deal of painted decoration in a building which was lighted by plain glazed windows, for which, however, I knew that stained glass was to be substituted. In fact, I was already putting in the first window, and this gave me the opportunity of finding out, to some extent, what alteration would take place in the lighting of the church when the rest were done. I got some cheap butter-cloth (one penny a yard, I think it is), and by hanging it over one of the plain glazed windows, side by side with the stained one, it was quite easy to find how many thicknesses were needed to equalise the light of the two. As a matter of fact, one thickness exactly did it, for stained glass takes away less light than one might suppose, and so, by just tacking up a thickness of muslin over the rest, I got my effect of light. Not only so, but by putting in one light of the stained window and veiling the bare opening of the other with the muslin, I was enabled to get, for future use, the valuable knowledge of the relation of my veil both to stained glass of the depth I was then using, and also to the plain glazing of the next window, with which I was also able to compare it. Now, I am quite sure that in the preparation of a building for colour treatment it must often happen that some such experiment as this would be of extreme value and help, and quite an easy thing to make. I should fancy that the knowledge of the relation between some simple material and all the various forms of glazing must be a thing which would often come in very handy to the architect planning a subtle effect of lighting. This question of the glazing of a building, which, if we consider the matter, really mainly governs the two enormously important questions of its lighting and its colour, appears to me hardly to receive the attention it deserves. Too often it seems as if the architect was content with glazing his building with the ordinary plain diamonds or oblongs—which are generally confessedly temporary—and then handing it

over to the owners, or trustees for the time being, to play with from that date to the end of the chapter. It is not an unknown thing to find, hanging up in the vestry of a church, a "design" for the future stained glazing—aye, or the complete decoration, done by some enterprising firm, who had smelt out the opportunity and got round the parson. It seems to me extraordinary that architects should not leave, from the very outset, some indication of their wishes and intentions on a subject which, if it has not in it to be the "making" of his building—for one may suppose it has merits which are independent of such embellishment—has certainly the potentiality of completely marring it.

My chief reason for alluding to this—may I call it?—negligence on the part of architects is that I feel at every sentence that I need some apology for continuing what I have called this inventory of these little tricks of my trade, and I want to call your attention to yet another one, which really seems so obvious that one would feel the need of excuse for troubling an audience with it, were it not that the arts which depend upon these things were left so unaccountably to take care of themselves. Here are some sketches of windows; you are probably used to seeing such things on paper. Well, here they are in glass.

I think they get a step nearer to the thing itself. They cannot forecast it rigidly—no sketch can or should—but they form a help towards the work to be done and an invaluable memorandum of it when done. Perhaps that is their greatest use, for by comparing them with the window when finished one has a permanent record of what combinations have been used, and may remember which have been most successful and are most worth repeating, developing, and carrying further in subsequent work.

I will venture to try your indulgent patience, gentlemen, with one more little object lesson; and in this case I can, happily, draw my moral from nature, and I have therefore kept it till the last to take as a sugar-plum after all this talk about myself and my ways, the taste of which I can only hope is more agreeable to your ears than I find it on my lips. Here is a handful of the sea-beach, taken quite haphazard exactly opposite the esplanade of a large watering-place in North Wales. I will not mention the name, because I am going to be so censorious as to remark that the aim of its builders appears to have been that the town should, as nearly as might be managed, have the appearance of being built of mud. The houses are chiefly of stone about the colour of the bed of an estuary at low tide, and the remainder of pebble-dash, carefully made to match the colour of the stone; and, wandering along the shore with this dainty and gay mosaic at my feet, I wondered whether amongst the hills from which these stones were washed down to the beach there were no masses of the same large enough to pay for the quarrying and capable of mitigating the intolerable dulness at my side. For it is to be remembered how small an added note is enough to enrich the harmony: the little chequers of flint, how they charm the grey stone tower into life without any loss to its dignity; and, where the grace and lightness of the style suggest even more gaiety as permissible, how flint and stone both rejoice at welcoming the friendly spots of red brick in some Eastern Counties tower. And in connection with this subject I will remark upon a resource of which, I think, architects fail to take full advantage, and that is the varieties which exist in any one material itself. In answer to this criticism, especially when I have made it with regard to roofing materials, my architect friends assure me that it is very difficult to get the proprietors of quarries to let them have slates less carefully assorted into batches of matched colour. Nature mixes the stone, and that is equal to saying that it is more beautiful mixed; but the unsympathetic commercial mind, whose training has been such as to make the only ideals those of exactitude and precision, will not be happy except in sending out batches of what I believe is known as "excellent building material," well matched to sample. Yet I cannot but think that if enough architects would combine they could soon "change all that,"

for it is also a maxim of the commercial mind that demand creates supply, and to this principle I think an appeal might surely be made with success.

I do not know whether there exists any collection or museum of materials used in building, or anything like a guide to them in writing. Both perhaps might have some use, though there would in the case of either be no doubt the attendant danger of trusting too much to the guidance of things presented under different conditions from those in which they will be used; but I have often rather wondered at the rarity with which anything of the kind is seen in an architect's office, where one would expect to find a few of his pet materials, if only as mementoes and memoranda of his past work. Some slabs of this or of that; some rough sketch model of them in combination. A sketch in glass, or a few specimens of the material; ah! or a few cases of butterflies, or shells, or plates of bird and flower, to keep one in touch with the teachings of the only teacher. We painters should not then feel, on entering your working-rooms, as if an architect's practice of his art consisted in staring at a sheet of Whatman's paper from ten till two, and, after a mild colour interval (let us call it) of lunch, staring at another sheet from three to five, and then going home to well-earned dinner and repose.

Ah, well, this of course is exaggeration, and I would not be fantastic. I recognise, too, the value and dignity of your great constructive problems, and I know that they must be thought out by law and rule, of which the natural instruments no doubt are pencil and paper. They are the backbone of your work on which all else hangs together. But I think we must regret not seeing it more often, more thoughtfully, and more sensitively clothed with the lovely garments of colour and texture which the works of Nature never fail to wear, and wish that you more seldom gathered your ideal from the builded or written records of the past, and then, sitting down to pencil and paper, by sheer force of rule and law compelled them to come out, and that you wandered more often (and more leisurely perhaps) into the highways and the hedges, and—I will not say compelled, but allowed them to come in. All this is architecture from a painter's point of view, and a suggestion of applying to it rather more of a painter's method. I think some good might be gained by an infusion of these into present practice. We wish your methods were more sympathetic and more plastic, and that, in dealing with the multitudinous phases and chances of a building where every step of its progress teems with suggestions, you were more at liberty to accept these as they arise, and mould and modify your work in response to them. "Mould and modify!" "Modify all the conditions of working them," you will say; "how about the contract?" "Well," I answer, "I wish you could modify that—don't you?" "How about the builder?" "Well, I wish you could modify him." "And the client?" "Well, sometimes don't you yourself wish that you could modify him?"

I acknowledge, therefore, that I am talking of ideals; but we must work towards ideals if our work is to be worth its salt, and not go round and round contentedly in the dull track of the immediately possible. Any effort to improve must surely nowadays take into account the contingency of *large* change; we must allow that the conditions of building, "jerry" and otherwise, at present are in many respects far indeed from those which obtained in the great ages of architecture.

In our aspirations after colour, then, and after better things generally, permit me, in farewell, to suggest to you, as directions in which change and fresh effort might lie:—

More experiment in proportion to the paper work, and the treatment of the latter as merely the sketch, and the building as the picture.

The founding of colour schemes upon nature.

The frank acceptance of conditions.

The practice of working more on the spot, and less in a central office.

The use of local materials in all country building.

More attention to tint, texture, and also what we painters speak of as "quality" in the treatment of surfaces painted in plain colour or stained.

The use, even in small quantities perhaps, of a more varied range of materials. Even the geological pursuit of these, and the quarrying perhaps of fresh ones, the collecting of specimens for reference in some central dépôt—in fact, the formation of a small museum.

And the endeavour to create, in the ordinary trade, a supply of material less rigidly assorted, both as to size and tint.

And as to the conditions which impose themselves upon you from without, let me wish you, as time goes on (and it seems to me that it is much in your own hands to forward them), more elastic forms of contract, and new and more human relations with client and with colleague; more intimate technical knowledge of the minor crafts, that you may set out a scheme in which they take a fitter, though not necessarily a larger, part; more dependence upon your specialist craftsmen for carrying it into serious being; and a more dependable race of craftsmen to depend upon—more human, less commercial. And, lastly, a new race of clients, less prepared to look upon the building of their houses as a matter of strict business arrangement only, and to regard any show of enthusiasm or sentiment with suspicion as probably a cover for the lack of capacity; but whose own temperament, rather, and wishes will give you the opportunity of going for your inspiration more to the fields and woods, the hills and streams, and making your building, as it were, a natural growth of the open air, the smell of the soil, the largeness of the sunshine, the sound of birds and waters, and the thoughts and needs of those who have chosen to build their own nest or shrine among them.

That, perhaps, is enough to work for; and we may leave as food for our dreaming the thought of a time when a large land, peopled with a race so minded, shall employ these principles—"Usui Cirium, Decori Urbium"—in the building of some great city of the time to come which shall be the reflection of its breadth and strength.

DISCUSSION OF THE FOREGOING PAPERS.

Mr. ASTON WEBB, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the Chair.

PROFESSOR AITCHISON [F.], A.R.A., felt convinced that everyone present would only be too ready to return their hearty thanks to the two gentlemen who had given them these most interesting papers on Colour—a subject that was dear to all Englishmen. Might he be pardoned for saying that lovely colour was his own particular passion, and that he always looked on the Mediaeval, Renaissance, and Saracen artists of glorious stained glass as possessing almost divine attributes, for they "dissolve me into ecstasies" and bring all heaven before mine eyes"? Doubtless those who were happily possessed of a similar passion looked with adoration on magnificent stained glass both here and abroad. In France, Italy, and the East there were splendid specimens of coloured glass. The windows of Chartres, he thought, were the finest things that had ever been done, though those in the aisles of the choir of Canterbury were very magnificent; there were a few fine windows at Cologne—not the modern ones. There were some at Strassburg, and there

were magnificent windows of rare colours in the cathedral at Florence and in the mosques of Cairo, not to speak of the Persian glass at the Suleimanyeh at Constantinople, that would exalt all who loved colour into raptures. Mr. Ricardo had pointed out how they might get beautiful colour in their buildings at no great additional cost, and showed them some fine specimens of coloured tiles, both plain and with patterns. Bas-reliefs of glazed and coloured bricks were used in Persia more than two thousand years ago; so the invention was not new. Twenty-five years ago the speaker advocated their use in London and the large manufacturing towns, as being not only more beautiful and more healthful, but in the end more economical, than paint. These glazed bricks must of course be made to withstand the climate; but that being given, they could be perpetually washed, instead of coats of drab paint being laid on every few years. M. Charles Garnier's vision of Paris in the future had been so often quoted in that room that most

of them must remember it; but his prophecy had not yet been fulfilled, that when all the buildings of Paris were externally decorated with marble, mosaic, enamel, and gold, the whole population would have their clothes made also of splendid material to complete the gamut of colour. One of the great things of course would be to secure variety and contrast of colour in the buildings, so as to render each street and square harmonious and delightful. London would certainly look very different if it were flaming with purple and gold instead of being begrimed with dust and dingy black. Enamelled tiles, unfortunately, would not at present stand the climate when used outside, though every device that could be thought of had been tried to make them stand. There was one building in Oxford Street—a restaurant he thought—which had not been mentioned; it was faced with coloured and enamelled terra-cotta, and apparently had stood very well. The main colours used were a sage green and a dull gold, and the effect was harmonious; still, it hardly did justice to the material by its lack of splendour. Very delightful harmonies might be got by the judicious use of any sober colours. It was the genius of the artist and not the splendour of the colour that would charm the beholder. Mr. Whall's Paper was as interesting as it was amusing; but the difficulty was to put his suggestions into practice. He (the speaker) agreed that in a few instances architects would like to have a new sort of client, a new sort of builder, and a new sort of workman, although he had had much reason to be thankful to them all—and, he might even add, a new sort of architect, for, speaking for himself, he should like to be much better. The architect who mainly looked on his sheet of paper was rather to be sympathised with than upbraided; the poor fellow must eat and be clothed, and pay his rent and taxes; besides, his perpetually being on his job was of no use unless he could persuade his client to have his walls put up temporarily so that the architect might harmonise the colour. The architect could hardly match an excellent cartoon except at an enormous expenditure of time, trouble, and expense. He was afraid that there were very few clients who would let the architect harmonise the colours on the spot, even if he did it gratuitously and had the necessary materials on the ground, for the expense would be great; but if the necessary materials had to come from all parts of the country, he felt confident he would be a very rare client indeed who would allow his architect to incur any such expenditure. Marbles, as a rule, made most delightful harmonies, although one could go wrong; but they would not stand the climate, and in London mostly became mere masses of soot. M. Charles Garnier might have been right when he said that marble, even when it was decayed, always looked well—like a gentleman out-at-elbows, and not like

a clodhopper in his best clothes; but that was in Paris, where wood was mainly burnt. No one now who even claimed the name of architect would try to get the colour and tone of his building uniform; but the difficulty was to get harmonious variations without increasing the expense. The bit of sea-beach that Mr. Whall had brought was charming, but it was not easy of application. One must render one's wall with mortar, and stick in the pebbles by hand. Colour, except in the large masses of walling, &c., was, he thought, the painter's business and not the architect's; though colouring was often undertaken by architects. Broken tints and tones were advantageous, especially for grounds when the ornament on them was uniform. But there were difficulties in the way. He once had some ground tried for colour on which there was to be a gold pattern, and after having the room painted it occurred to him that the ground would look better if it were broken instead of being flat; and he got the foreman-painter to smear a wet piece with a duster, and told him to finish the rest so. However, he always found the wall painted flat. On remonstrating, the foreman, who seemed an intelligent fellow, and was doing it himself, said: "Well, sir, you know this is rather a hard thing to ask of a foreman-painter, to smear his paint on with a rag. It will ruin me if I do it. Painters will say, 'This chap calls his self a painter, but he can only smear paint on with a rag.' " He (the speaker), however, succeeded by telling the painter that he could say Professor Aitchison was a maniac, and would have it done that way. The subject was too vast to enlarge upon, as he had already trespassed on their time.

MR. H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM [F.], in seconding the vote of thanks, observed that Mr. Ricardo had commenced by saying that he was putting things strongly, in order to encourage them to argue. He (the speaker) would therefore be excused if he made one or two reflections a little questioning the length to which Mr. Ricardo had gone in his Paper. He himself had a sort of passion for colour in architecture, but he always noticed when people read a Paper on Colour in Architecture that they began by saying that nothing else was worth consideration. Mr. Ricardo had asked, What was the good of the cornices and the other modelled features in architecture? He (the speaker) did not think it necessary to take that ground in order to recommend colour. He could only say that he found a good deal of the modelled detail in their streets very interesting. Mr. Ricardo observed that people went all the way to Pistoja to see Robbia's coloured terra-cotta frieze, but that they passed by unremarked the terra-cotta frieze at Heath's hat-shop. Mr. Ricardo evidently did not pass it unremarked himself, or he would not have made that observation. He (the speaker) never went along Oxford Street without finding a

great deal of pleasure from seeing that frieze. On the other hand, with all reverence to the memory of a great artist, it was, he thought, a question whether Robbia's naturalistic coloured friezes were not somewhat gewgaw in effect. Some of them, he thought, were not sufficiently quiescent, and approached rather too much to realistic representation to combine well with architecture. Mr. Ricardo had referred to the Exhibition of Furniture at Barnard's Inn, which showed that, with colour, mouldings could be dispensed with. That was only one illustration of a fact that one saw running all through ancient architecture. In a hot country, where colour had full effect, they always found flat architecture, and little mouldings, and, wherever there were any, the mouldings were generally bad. Nearly all the mouldings of Indian architecture, and most of the Saracenic ones, were bad. It was when they depended upon form that they got well-designed mouldings. That was only one illustration with regard to the furniture that went through everything: shadow and colour fought with each other. When they used mouldings they depended upon shadow for their effect; they did not so much want colour, because that was liable to interfere with the shadow effect. Another impression he carried away from the same Furniture Exhibition was that if one went with an idea of buying furniture from an aesthetic Society which made it well, one was also expected to pay a fancy price for it; he saw chairs at thirty shillings which he was sure one could get elsewhere for fifteen. With regard to the mosaics at St. Paul's Cathedral, he thought the work was a splendid success, except that some of the details were rather too small to see from below. There was only this question, whether it was not a little too good for St. Paul's in a certain sense. He did not mean for St. Paul's in its general design, but for the class of detail and for the texture. The detail of St. Paul's, it must be admitted, was not very good, and the general character of the building was rather hard and flat; and it struck him that the system Mr. Richmond had employed of bedding his mosaics, so as to produce that rich and almost woolly-looking surface, however beautiful in itself, looked rather out of place in a Renaissance building like St. Paul's; it seemed to belong rather to Byzantine architecture. As to the use of coloured tiles in architecture, the French architects had been very much bitten with that lately; but they did not use them in broad masses, they used them in little bits, put in panels of coloured tiles, stuck over the windows, little spots of colour. Was that the best way of doing it or not? He should be almost inclined to say that if they used constructive polychromy they should mass the colours as much as possible, avoiding the spotted effect of putting little bits of strong colour in the midst of uncoloured materials. He should like to put a note of interrogation to the very strong admis-

ration which was expressed for some of Mr. Butterfield's constructive polychromy. St. Mary's Church near Torquay was delightful; but he should not like to see young architects imitating the manner of Keble College. In process of time it might tone down, but it seemed to him that at present it wanted repose. If they had much architecture of that kind, they would be always feeling in a fidget as they walked along the streets. Mr. Whall's Paper was one of the most interesting ever read at the Institute, because it told so much about the practical working out of the problem by the decorative artist, and the process of his work. With regard to the growing system of painting mural decoration in the artist's studio and then having it fixed up, that, he believed, came from France; and it was one of the evil effects of the enormous scale of the building which the French had for their Annual Exhibitions. He had noticed the practice increasing during the last five or six years, that painters who had formerly painted a great picture in the building now painted it on canvas; they put it into an immense frame, they found room to hang it there, and the result was that they painted it for the Exhibition and not for its place. There was one most flagrant example in the last "New Salon" exhibition by that very clever painter M. Lhermitte, who painted a picture for one of the Hôtel de Ville rooms, representing the markets at Paris. It was simply an enormous *genre* picture. It was not flat; it had no decorative line. It was a crowd of figures in a market realistically painted, and hung up to produce a sensation in the exhibition. He thought it a most fatal thing that that should be accepted as decorative painting, and Mr. Whall's observations on that point should be borne in mind and emphasised by them all. Was the experiment of holding a brick six feet away from one, to see the effect of the same colour one hundred yards off in a larger space, quite to be relied upon? Mr. Whall, he noticed, did refer to something called "aërial perspective." They might also refer to the texture. He should think the texture of the brick would hardly give them the texture of the wall one hundred feet off. The experiments of the windows were, no doubt, exceedingly interesting. He was sure, however, they would never forget the story of the gentleman who selected his upright hangings by putting them on the floor of his office. That was a most practical lesson. Neither should they forget the bit of the sea-beach; but that was a lesson which appealed really, he thought, not to architects, who did not require it, but rather to the speculative builder, who went in for those dull cement buildings, and filled a watering-place with them. Mr. Whall, he thought, was not quite fair to the architects in saying that when he went into their offices he found them looking at white paper with no colour in their surroundings. He (the speaker) in going to archi-

tees' offices found a very large number of specimens of coloured materials hung up. To mention one instance, every time he visited Professor Aitchison's study he amused himself with looking at the framed bits of mosaic on the walls; and there were a good many offices where interesting specimens of coloured materials and decorative work would be found, and from which, no doubt, their owners derived inspiration. Mr. Whall must have gone into the wrong offices. All would agree, however, that the Papers were most interesting and suggestive, very original both in the thoughts and the way in which they were put.

MR. JOHN BRETT, A.R.A., was afraid that Mr. Whall's gloriously coloured city would not occur until the world was cold and dead. Passing that by, he would confine his remarks to one or two preliminary principles. In the first place, one must separate in one's mind the two different sorts of colour that were available in architecture. The first was specific colour, or the actual natural colour of the materials with which they worked. The second sort of colour available was applied colour. Applied colour required a totally different treatment. Broadly speaking, specific colour only was available for the outside, and applied colour only for the inside, of a building. There were beautiful examples of both to refer to, so that it was not a matter of speculation. So far as specific colour was concerned, they had happily a beautiful example of the application of it to the inside. He should not speak of the outside just at present, because it was so obvious that anything they put outside their buildings would be invisible in the course of a few years on account of the dirt. London was always likely to be a dirty city. It was founded on London Clay, the filthiest colour he knew, and that would probably prevail over all their endeavours to make London beautiful outside, even if they cured the soot, which they were not likely to do in their time. But he had lived so long in London that he felt the outside did not matter so much, if they only made the inside beautiful. Even if they could make the outside beautiful the rain and the wind and the sunshine would soon bleach it. They might therefore dismiss the outside. They had got a specimen of the treatment of the inside of buildings with specific colour at Kensington, in the house of the late Lord Leighton. There they saw an effect of which there was no question—everybody was completely agreed about it—that the result was exquisite; and it depended upon fine marbles, very beautiful Oriental tiles, and an admirable mosaic frieze. Those three specimens of specific colour were shown in the interior, and they were probably as enduring as the world. If they wanted to construct a public building they could not do better than begin by studying that great example of modern art in colour. With regard to applied colour, they had only to refer to the Vatican. There the effect

was entirely dependent upon a superficial tint laid on in the form of tempera. If they covered a surface with tempera they might be certain of one thing—that they could make it hideous. They could achieve this by making it uniform. If they got a bucket of colour and laid it on as smoothly as possible, they would succeed in producing an effect which would be deadly; the eye would very soon be fatigued and not notice it, but if it did really notice it, it would be annoyed unspeakably by the wearisome uniformity. Uniformity of colour was very much more painful than no colour at all. That was the fundamental principle in applied colour. It was really prohibited because of the expense. If it were laid on with a whitewash brush and a pail, of course it was exceedingly cheap; just as cheap as whitewash; but, as Charles Keene beautifully showed, "It is not the expense of the paint, "but the man's time a-laying of it on." Where colour was not minutely graduated and delicately modulated it ceased to have any effect on one; if it had any effect it must be painful. Another objection to it was that it prevented the wall from reflecting light, or at least hindered it very much. The interior decoration was what he took most interest in; but the architect usually omitted to consider that a wall was primarily useful as a reflector of light. "How am I to light this dirty "dwelling?" was what he asked himself. "We "want to keep out the rain and wind. Never "mind how it is lighted; let the man who lives "in it go about in the dark." But by chance a man might have something worth looking at inside, and a taste for that might spread. In domestic architecture they might say that there was no call for colour at all. The man had only a very temporary hold on the dwelling. He put up with it for a short time in his life, hoping to improve upon it by removing to some other house. There were very few people in town who owned their houses, and therefore they took no interest in them at all. They went to the City and attended to their business, and came home and ate their dinner and slept their sleep. That was their life! That was the present fashion of art in London! But there was no occasion for that to go on. There was no reason why they should not abolish some of the wretched attempts at tempera colour by which the inside world was disfigured. At present they must set their face against the workman and the whitewash brush, because no dwelling could be made civilised by that means. If they could not afford to employ an artist, then employ the builder only, and let things take their chance. There was one thing to be said in favour of applied colour—that age and a moderate amount of dirt were altogether favourable to its beauty. A new building, one might say, was an incomplete building. Age was wanted to stain and modify and fade the crude colour generally laid on. The Englishman knew very well that

he could not get a house fit to live in that would look at all beautiful. He must have colour, so he hangs filthy draperies about his dwelling. That was what was to be seen in the inside of a modern civilised man's house. One did not see any of his architecture. He could not stand that; it was intolerable. That was no exaggeration. All the houses one went into were in a perpetual state of danger from fire because of the little bits of rag hung about them. Then the unfortunate dweller in towns had recourse to pictures, as his only chance, if a man of taste. The picture-maker in fact had ousted the architect, who did all he could to foil the painter, because he made the walls so dark, and so broken up, and so bad, that they could not hang a picture at all in one house in fifty. The art of lighting the interior, so far as he knew, had never been considered at all. It was forgotten that the people would suffer as well as the pictures. They might mend the lighting of London houses, but they did not know how, and the architect kept it a dead secret. The owner's cash had to be spent, and it was a pity he should squander it on pictures instead of panelling, and he could prevent this by cutting up the wall-spaces and cross-lighting them. It was a fatal difficulty in regard to the advancement of architecture, that if a man did not care about his house he could move out of it. He did not see any way of getting over that difficulty. With regard to the colour of the Vatican, the first time he was there the loggia had not been touched. The background of the arabesques was a delicate ultramarine, mottled and stained with age and weather, damp and fungi, and the pawing of the Italians through centuries. That was the condition when he first saw the loggia of the Vatican, and anything more beautiful he had never seen. But in the early days of Victor Emmanuel he had seen a man beginning work, to restore the background of the loggia; and the delicate ultramarine was being carefully painted out with a good dense coat of Reckitt's blue! The arabesques were hideously ugly in his opinion, but their outline was so much blurred by the effect of time and fading that they were hardly traceable, and therefore what remained of them possessed a great charm. But if one investigated them or traced them, one could see that they were wretched specimens of design. There were fifty men in a Society to which he belonged who could design far better ornaments than those. Of course, it was all Raphael! He did not suppose, however, that Raphael had anything to do with it. It was done under Raphael's direction, and probably done as cheaply as he could get it done! He would recommend them to go and study the Arab Hall at the late Lord Leighton's house in Kensington, because they had nothing equal to it in England, and he did not know anything to equal it anywhere. Monreale in Sicily was perhaps the finest

specimen he knew of mosaic, but the Arab Hall did not depend so much on mosaic as on marble. It was impossible to deal with so large a subject in so short a time, and one got confused in trying to get things into order on the spot; but if he had had time to write them down, his notes might have been of use.

THE CHAIRMAN said they were all agreed that they had had most interesting Papers from Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Whall. Mr. Ricardo had recommended the use of glazed bricks as a means of introducing colour to the outside of their buildings, and he had also had the courage of his opinions, and had adopted that means with very successful results. The earlier attempts at glazed surfaces, made by Sir Gilbert Scott and many others who had a wish to introduce colours into their buildings, seemed to him (the Chairman) to fail because they were introduced in bands or in patches, as Mr. Statham had said; and in time, while the vitrified surface remained bright, the other surface took a layer of soot and dirt. Mr. Ricardo had adopted the principle of facing the whole wall with a vitrified surface, which had, he thought, a much better result. Mr. Whall had kindly shown architects as painters saw them. He could not but hope that the architect who looked at the patterns on the floor which were to hang on the wall was the result of a poetic imagination. They should all like, of course, experimentally to put their buildings up first, and to vary and improve them when they were up, but that they could not do. It was the first difficulty they had, and one which a painter had not, that when once their work was up they were practically obliged to leave it there. All their work, from the beginning of their lives to the end, was there, to speak of their failures—which they all knew they made. They could not paint it out, but could only endeavour to do better in each new building entrusted to them. He was sure they would all join most heartily in thanking Mr. Ricardo and Mr. Whall for the practical and useful Papers they had given them. The thanks of the Meeting were also due to Messrs. James Powell & Sons, Messrs. De Morgan & Co., Messrs. W. B. Simpson & Sons, and Messrs. Joseph Cliff & Sons, who had kindly lent specimens of glazed bricks, tiles, &c., to illustrate the Papers.

Mr. CHRISTOPHER WHALL, in acknowledging the vote of thanks on his own and Mr. Ricardo's behalf, said for his own Paper that in reading it over in print to an audience—a very different thing from writing it in the train, as he happened to have done—he felt conscious that he was adopting rather an attitude of criticism; but he must shelter himself behind Mr. Ricardo's remark that his words were intended to be provocative, and he was glad they had proved provocative of such an interesting discussion and so much valuable criticism. Mr. Statham's remark about the brick at six feet only applied to the little

rough experiment where he (the speaker) took the arbitrary length of six feet as an easy thing to remember; but in using that principle of holding the thing up he not only tried it at one particular range and in one particular relation to distance of the actual object, but in every one where he could try it, varying his own position, his own distance from his brick, and also varying the distance between that brick and what it was to cover in the landscape, so as to get, not only one experiment, but half a dozen. Of course one could not put up a wall and knock it down again—he meant any length or breadth of building—but as a means of knowing what one was doing, he thought it a suggestion of value to take a little of the material down and see how it looked upon the landscape.

The following communication has since been received from Mr. Christopher Whall:—

In the conversation which took place on Monday after the reading and discussion of our Papers (which I regard as, perhaps, the most useful part of the evening), my remark about green slate and red brick or sandstone was much criticised; and I should like to point out, first, that I ought to have said "in immediate juxtaposition to," rather than "in conjunction with"; and, secondly, I should also limit my objection to cases where these materials are used in *sole*, or almost *sole*, conjunction with each other. I had in mind buildings, such as one frequently sees, where the reddest of red brick or sandstone, and the greenest of green slate, both carefully assorted, come close on to each other, with no third note of colour.

Scotland Yard was quoted to me; "surely I 'liked Scotland Yard?'" Surely I do; but do I not remember there bandings or dressings of cream-white stone breaking the red brick? Do I not remember dormers innumerable breaking the green roof, and bringing the greys of the glass and the zinc or lead into it? Is there not something in the way of a deep cornice? Lead caps to the towers? And I have in memory a great deep gap of sombre shadow, somehow breaking into the roof, and always seeming, to my mind, intended, beside whatever may be its actual use, for the poetic suggestion of the terrors of the law and "horrible black hole."

My memory seems to recall these things. I am sure some of them are there. Is it possible, too, that the slates or the bricks, or both, may be varied in colour or size, and not carefully matched? I think it possible; but, even without that, the features I have mentioned are quite sufficient to dispel all my objection, and make that sturdy building, keeping its watch over the peace of the town, an excellent example of my contention that you can change almost any discord into a harmony by adding notes; one most valuable way of doing this being, to my mind, the use of unmatched material.



9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W., 23rd April 1896.

CHRONICLE.

THE COUNCIL: 1896-97.

Nominations by the Council now in office.

Pursuant to the terms and provisions of By-law 30, a list of members whom the Council have nominated to the offices of President, Vice-Presidents, Honorary Secretary, Members of Council, and Associate-Members of Council, for the ensuing year of office, was issued on Monday, 20th inst. The list is as follows:—

PRESIDENT.—Professor George Aitchison, A.R.A., *Past Vice-President.*

VICE-PRESIDENTS.—Alexander Graham, F.S.A., *Vice-President*; Aston Webb, F.S.A., *Vice-President*; Ernest George, *Vice-President*; and William Milner Fawcett, M.A. Cantab., F.S.A.

HON. SECRETARY.—William Emerson.

MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.—John Belcher; Thomas Blashill; John McLean Brydon; William Douglas Caroe, M.A. Cantab., F.S.A.; Arthur Cates, *Past Vice-President*; Thomas William Cutler; Campbell Douglas (Glasgow), *Past Vice-President*; Henry Louis Florence; John Alfred Gotch, F.S.A. (Kettering); Edward Augustus Grunig; Charles Hadfield (Sheffield); Edwin Thomas Hall; Benjamin Ingelow; Edward William Mountford; Joseph Oswald (Northern Architectural Association); John Slater, B.A. Lond.; Percival Gordon Smith; Richard Phené Spiers, F.S.A.; Henry Heathcote Statham; Paul Waterhouse, M.A. Oxon.; Ralph Selden Wormum; William Young.

ASSOCIATE-MEMBERS OF COUNCIL.—William H. Atkinson; Arthur Smyth Flower, M.A. Oxon., F.S.A.; Thomas Miller Rickman, F.S.A.

The third division (*c*), containing the names of the Presidents of nine Allied Societies (a maximum of nine to be returned), will be given in the Voting Paper to be issued after the Annual General Meeting, which takes place on Monday, 4th prox.

The fourth division (*d*), containing the name of a Fellow or an Associate as representative of the Architectural Association (London), is filled by that of Mr. Beresford Pite [A.].

THE STANDING COMMITTEES: 1896-97.

Pursuant to the terms and provisions of By-law 49, lists of Fellows and Associates whom the Standing Committees suggest as suitable and

eligible to serve on their respective Committees for the ensuing year of office were issued on Monday, 20th inst. These lists are composed as follows:—

Nominations : Art Standing Committee.

FELLOWS.—John Macvicar Anderson; John Belcher; Edward Ingress Bell; Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A.; James Brooks; John McKean Brydon; William Douglas Caroe, M.A., F.S.A.; Ernest George; Edward William Mountford; Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.; William Samuel Weatherley; Ralph Selden Wornum; William Young.

ASSOCIATES.—John Begg; Owen Fleming; James Sivewright Gibson; Henry Thomas Hare; George Kenyon; Beresford Pite; William Henry Romaine-Walker; George Campbell Sherrin.

Nominations : Literature Standing Committee.

FELLOWS.—Henry Louis Florence; Alexander Graham, F.S.A.; John Hebb; Benjamin Ingelow; Sydney Smirke; Richard Phene Spiers, F.S.A.; Arthur Edmund Street, M.A., Oxon.; Charles Harrison Townsend; William Frederick Unsworth; Paul Waterhouse, M.A., Oxon.

ASSOCIATES.—Arthur Thomas Bolton; Banister Flight Fletcher; Arthur Smyth Flower, M.A., Oxon., F.S.A.; John Tavener Ferry; Andrew Noble Prentice; Ravenscroft Elsey Smith; Leslie Waterhouse, M.A., Cantab.; Percy Scott Worthington, M.A., Oxon.

Nominations : Practice Standing Committee.*

FELLOWS.—Graham Clifford Awdry; Thomas Batterbury; Henry Cowell Boyes; Franc Sadler Brereton; Samuel Flint Clarkson; Edward Augustus Gruning; Edwin Thomas Hall; Joseph Stanislaus Hansom; Thomas Harris; Alexander Henry Kersey; Joseph Douglass Mathew; Walter Hilton Nash; Lacy William Ridge; Edmund Woodthorpe, M.A., Oxon.

ASSOCIATES.—William H. Atkin-Berry; Francis Thomas Wilberforce Goldsmith; Frederick Henry Appleton Hardcastle; Henry Thomas Hare; George Richards Julian; Thomas Edward Mundy; Augustus William Tanner; Robert Stark Wilkinson.

Nominations : Science Standing Committee.

FELLOWS.—Lewis Angell, M.Inst.C.E.; Arthur Baker, R.C.A.; Henry Dawson; Frederic Richard Farrow; Professor Banister Fletcher; William Warlow Gwyther; John Salmon Quilter; Herbert Duncan Searles-Wood; Percival Gordon Smith; Lewis Solomon; William Charles Street, Assoc.Inst.C.E.; Benjamin Tabberer.

ASSOCIATES.—Henry William Burrows; Bruce John Capell; Max Clarke; Robert Langton Cole; Bernard John Dicksee; Matthew Garbutt, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E.; George Pearson; Ernest William Malpas Wonnacott; Thomas Locke Worthington.

The late Joaquim Possidonio Narcizo da Silva
[Hon. Corr. M. Liston].

Authentic news of the death, on the 24th ult., of the Portuguese architect, Joaquim da Silva, only reached the Institute about the 10th inst. Founder and President of the Royal Society of Portuguese Architects and Archaeologists, and

* In the Nomination Paper issued to members on Monday, 20th inst., the names of Mr. Gruning and Mr. Hall were, by a regrettable accident, omitted from the list of Fellows nominated for the Practice Standing Committee; and the names of Mr. Hare and Mr. A. W. Tanner from the list of Associates.

Architect to the King of Portugal, his long and successful career has been of the most brilliant description, from its commencement in 1825, when, as a pupil of Huyot and Charles Percier, he was admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, Paris, until his death at Lisbon, in the ninetieth year of his age. Returning to Portugal towards the end of 1830, the Chamber of Deputies, Lisbon, was erected from his designs as early as 1834; and from that year until 1879 he was occupied with works of restoration at the Royal Palaces of Necessidades, Belem, Cintra, &c., and with the erection of a new Royal Palace at Lisbon, on the opposite bank of the Tagus. An excellent account of the deceased Master appears in *L'Architecture* (18th inst.), the journal of the Société Centrale des Architectes Français, of which he was a Membre-correspondant. He was also an Associé-Etranger of the Institut de France, and possessed the literary faculty in no small degree, as his contributions to the subject of Portuguese architecture suffice to prove. Some of his letters to the Institute, always written in French, have been preserved; and two, addressed in July 1864 to the then President, Professor Donaldson, are attached to his Nomination Paper, which was signed by Arthur Ashpitel, Owen Jones, and Ewan Christian, on the 4th April 1864, the election having taken place a fortnight later. Joaquim da Silva had consequently been just 32 years an Honorary Corresponding Member, and was, in fact, the distinguished *doyen* of that important class.

Brickwork Tests [p. 358].

Mr. F. Walker, who took part in the discussion at the Meeting of the 30th ult. on the Science Committee's Brickwork Tests, sends the following correction:—In looking leisurely over this matter I find that my statement at the Meeting of the 30th ult. with respect to the difference of area between the 14" x 14" pier and the 18" x 18" pier, also the difference in the number of vertical joints of the respective piers, is not correct. The 18" x 18" pier is reduced 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. its area, and the vertical joints 55 $\frac{5}{9}$ per cent. their number, instead of 25 per cent. and 40 per cent. as reported in my remarks—the difference between the reduction of area and the reduction of joints, as stated and in reality, being 15 and 16 respectively.

The Fund for Experimental Research [p. 362].

The Science Standing Committee may be congratulated on having evidently obtained the good opinion of a well-known member of the London County Council, who has more than once taken part in the discussions at General Meetings of the Institute. Dr. Longstaff has made a munificent donation of £50 to the fund now being raised in aid of the researches so happily commenced by the Science Standing Committee, as recent reports and

papers [pp. 333-358] testify. Mr. Moncrieff, whose Paper on "Beams, Columns, and Roof-trusses," read in March 1895 before the Northern Architectural Association, appeared in the JOURNAL [Vol. II. p. 428], has, since the recent appeal, sent two guineas on behalf of his firm, Messrs. Sandeman and Moncrieff, of Newcastle; Mr. Walter Spiers and Mr. C. B. Arding, one guinea each; and Mr. Aston Webb, three guineas. The complete list of donors, with the amounts of their respective contributions, is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Aldwinckle [F.]	T. W.	5	5 0
Anderson [F.]	J. Macvicar	10	10 0
Arding	C. B.	1	1 0
Beazley & Burrows [A.]	Messrs.	1	1 0
Clarke [A.]	Max	1	1 0
Cuxson [A.]	G. Pryce	1	1 0
Cutler [F.]	T. W.	3	3 0
Dawson [F.]	Henry	3	3 0
Dieksee [A.]	Bernard	1	1 0
Fletcher [F.]	Professor Banister	1	1 0
Gwyther [F.]	W. W.	2	2 0
Harston [F.]	C.	3	3 0
Hooper [A.]	Francis	1	1 0
Leonard [H.A.]	Hugh	5	5 0
Longstaff	Dr.	50	0 0
Pearson [A.]	George	1	1 0
Quilter [F.]	J. S.	2	2 0
Reade [H.A.] & Reilly	Messrs.	1	1 0
Sandeman & Moncrieff	Messrs.	2	2 0
Searles Wood [F.]	H. D.	1	1 0
Smith [F.]	P. Gordon	3	3 0
Solomon [F.]	Lewis	1	1 0
Spiers [A.]	Walter L.	1	1 0
Street [F.]	William C.	1	1 0
Tanner [F.]	Henry	2	2 0
Unwin [H.A.]	Professor	2	2 0
Webb	Aston	3	3 0
White [F.]	William H.	1	1 0
Young [F.]	Keith D.	1	1 0

£113 0 0

The amount in hand is about £35, and subscriptions may be sent to "The Secretary R.I.B.A.," at the office of the Institute.

The First Edition of Alberti's great Work [pp. 145-57].

The benefactor asked for in January [p. 183] has been found, and the Florentine Vitruvius is at length very fairly represented in the Library, which has just been enriched with a copy of *De Re Edificatoria* as Alberti wrote it, in Latin. This copy, recently acquired by Mr. Arthur Cates, and presented by him to the Institute, appears to have once belonged to the Dukes of Devonshire—inherited perhaps from the great Earl of Burlington—and to have been sold, in 1815, because it was a duplicate. It is known that the original edition appeared after Alberti's death, which occurred about 1472, and was published in 1485; although, by a misprint, it bears at the end the date of 1085, in Latin words.

Books received from Publishers.

The Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland from the Earliest Christian Times to the Seventeenth Century, by

David MacGibbon and Thomas Ross. Vol. I. To be completed in three volumes. [Edinburgh: David Douglas.]

Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes by Robert Louis Stevenson. With illustrations by T. Hamilton Crawford, Member of the Royal Scottish Water Colour Society. [London: Seeley & Co., Ltd.]

The Temple of Deir el Bahari, being the first of a series of yearly numbers giving a general description of the temple, each containing from twenty to thirty plates, with an explanatory text. [London: The Egypt Exploration Fund.]

Old Cornish Crosses. By A. G. Langdon and J. R. Allen. [Truro: Joseph Pollard.]

The Principles of Art as illustrated by Examples in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, with passages, by permission, from the Writings of John Ruskin, compiled by William White. [London: George Allen.]

Fors Clavigera, Vol. I., consisting of letters to the Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain, by John Ruskin. [London: George Allen.]

A History of Architecture for the Student, Craftsman, and Amateur, being a comparative view of the Historical Styles from the Earliest Period, by Professor Banister Fletcher and Banister F. Fletcher. [London: B. T. Batsford.]

Dilapidations, Law and Practice. By Alfred T. Macer, Member of the Surveyors' Institution. Legal matter revised by Sidney Wright, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. [London: Estates Gazette Office.]

Indexes of Building Journals.

Referring to the memorandum under this head [p. 285], the Title and Index of *The Architect*, vol. xxviii., has been obligingly supplied by Mr. Max. Clarke [A.], and the set of Indexes to vols. i.-liv. is now bound and available for use.

Several more Titles and Indexes of *The Building News* have been supplied by the kindness of Mr. Hugh Stannus [F.]. Those only of vols. i.-xiv. are now wanting for *The Building News* and for *The British Architect*.

REVIEWS. XXXIX.

(106)

BUILDING LAW.

[SECOND NOTICE.]*

The Law relating to Building; with Precedents of Building Leases and Contracts, and other Forms connected with Building, and the Statute Law relating to Building; with Notes and Cases under the various sections. Third Edition. By His Honour Judge Ender, assisted by Henry Johnston, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. 8o. Lond. 1895. Price 14s. 6d. net: postage 6d. extra. [Messrs. Knight & Co., 90, Fleet Street, E.C.]

The architect's professional interest in this treatise as a book of reference extends of course more or less throughout the whole volume, but there may be said to be an expressly personal interest involved in the consideration of what is discovered to be the law as regards his duties and authority. He must distinctly understand, then, that "the public profession of an art" (not with

* Professor Kerr's first notice [No. 105] of this work appeared on pp. 291-93.

the capital A in this case) "is a representation "and undertaking to all the world" (mark the weight of these words) that the person so doing "possesses the requisite skill and ability," including "an implied warranty" that he is "reasonably "competent to the task he undertakes." He "is, "moreover, responsible, not only for himself, but "for those he may employ under him;" that is to say, for his assistants, his inspector of building, possibly his measuring surveyor, and still more possibly his clerk of works. As regards the clerk of works, even when, for example, a municipal corporation, constitutionally fond of the exercise of patronage, claims the right of directly appointing that functionary by a process commencing with public advertisement and terminating with a casting vote of the chair, still the architect, whose duty it is to give him directions, and to see that they are properly carried out, may find himself unexpectedly responsible for the incompetence, intemperance, or what not, of a subordinate whom all the while he cannot displace. The moral to be drawn from this is the usual one: that the architect as a man of business must have his wits about him, and keep a law-book at hand.

Our authors further point out that "the most "satisfactory mode of determining whether the "architect has exercised proper skill is to show by "evidence whether a majority, or even a moiety, "out of a given number of skilful and experienced "persons would have acted as he has done." But this dictum, no doubt quite logical in theory, in practice may only prove how helpless an architect with a troublesome client may find himself to be. What is meant by "skilful and experienced "persons"? All witnesses are primarily equal in the cold searchlight of the law; one learned and popular judge is even said to have formulated the case in this pleasant way:—All witnesses are liars, and expert witnesses are ditto more forcibly expressed. So our plaintiff-client, finding it convenient to allege something of the nature of negligence, puts up his three witnesses according to rule; and the architect-defendant puts up his three. Obviously three and three are theoretically equal "moieties," but it is well known in such cases that the moiety which happens to carry the lighter burden of solid knowledge, with the more breezy or airy assurance, will, by law of human nature, generally get the advantage with a jury, and perhaps with a judge; and the result is obvious. Indeed, there is a case in point. The plaintiff's first witness was a surveyor of the briefless order; the second was a house-agent, who called himself an architect on the ground that his deceased brother and partner had been so brought up; the third was some equally reliable authority, and equally self confident. Against these let us suppose the defendant to call three somewhat heavy "men of eminence," whose manners are

considered to be too dictatorial, and their natural prejudice too palpable. The impartial judge leaves it to the sagacious jury "to find their own "way through the usual conflict of evidence "amongst experts"; and it is enough to say that they find it.

As regards the architect's authority, he is a "general agent" of his client, and "the extent of "his authority (as between his employer and third "parties) is to be measured by the extent of his "usual employment." This, however, we may conclude, must be determined by the custom of agency in trading, rather than by any precept of mere professional usage; and here it is possible that the architect might find himself occasionally in considerable difficulty, especially in certain localities where the manners and customs of trading agents seem to be developing new and sometimes inconvenient principles. Again, "in "the absence of specific instructions, it is the "architect's duty to pursue the accustomed course, "which, if reasonable, the Court will support." But even this does not help us much; for "the "glorious uncertainty of the law" may still read the words "if reasonable" with a melancholy smile. Neither does this condition of things cease when we discover that "where the limits of the "architect's authority are clearly set out, as is "usually the case, by express terms in the agree- "ment between the employer and the builder, the "authority must be strictly followed, as an em- "ployer will not be liable for the acts of the "architect unless the authority be duly pursued "by him;" this being a euphemistic warning not to give unauthorised orders for extras, or for the administration of "provided amounts." In practice it may therefore be said that the well-meaning and perfectly upright average architect undoubtedly takes a good deal of risk upon himself in respect of many of his doings in the indisputable interest of the work, and of his client. But how can it be otherwise? The complexity of an architect's daily duties as commander-in-chief, in even a minor undertaking, is such that, without perfect confidence being placed in his discretion and honour, to say nothing of his honesty, his business certainly could not be carried on. To regard him, therefore, as a lawyer might be apt to do, as a mere administrative officer, supervising the execution of a rigid frigid contract, such as the delivery of a cargo of coals might be, or the manufacture of a consignment of boots and shoes, however convenient in theory, is in practice quite beside the mark; building cannot be done by sample—except perhaps by the Jerry fraternity under the surveyorship of a house-agent—nor even by plans and specification, without daily guidance and constant reconsideration of minutiae; and it is the hold that the architect happens fortunately and remarkably to have upon the confidence of the

builder as well as the employer that comes into view from day to day as an absolute essential in the maintenance of his authority. In most other professions it takes two agents to secure justice; in this profession one is sufficient.

An architect has to be careful in delegating his authority, for "where a man (the client) employs "an agent (the architect)," and, we may add, where the employed (the builder) so recognises him, "relying upon his peculiar aptitude for the "work entrusted to him, it is not competent to "that person (the architect) to delegate the trust "to another." Our friends "the estate-agents, "surveyors, and valuers" are notorious for their disregard of this principle, delegating, for example, without the slightest scruple, and indeed surreptitiously, such an important legal task as the assessment of a difficult case of dilapidations to a casual and quite irresponsible office-clerk, as if it were the scheduling of a commonplace lot of furniture or the measurement of a stack of wood; but we do not hear of an architect of standing delegating his duties in any way, except openly to recognised assistants, or to an accepted measuring surveyor for the special task. It need scarcely be said, however, that it is dangerous to sign the orders or decisions of his delegates without sufficient personal investigation, or even to give a qualified assistant *carte blanche* so as to dispense with constant reference to himself. In mere trading business it is generally sufficient if the work is performed; but in architectural business there is more of an express reliance upon the talent and experience of a professed specialist experienced in the "mystery" (as it used to be called) of his art and science.

The important practical question of an architect's position as a decider of differences between the builder and the employer—virtually between the builder and the architect himself—loses none of its importance when the technical principles of law are introduced; and a good deal of space is occupied in the work before us in expounding the decisions of the Courts on various problems that have been brought before them bearing directly or indirectly upon this subject. Architects do not generally understand, nor do builders, that the architect who is allowed in the usual manner to see fair play between the two parties to a building contract, commonly does so in a way that is somewhat primitive and innocent. A Paper was read to the Institute not long ago by a member of the Bar, which may not have been so carefully taken into consideration as it deserved. In a word, the mysterious distinction was sought to be explained which the Courts draw between "arbitration" and "valuation," and an architect ought to know better than he usually does the somewhat surprising way in which this distinction may come to affect his own proceedings.

What he generally supposes is that he is simply called upon to "settle" on fair terms any misgivings about the work or the payment; but if the question should be asked—which it fortunately never is in everyday business—whether he is acting as an "arbitrator" or as a "valuer," he will say that he knows no difference between the two. The lawyers, however, recognise a very great difference. Speaking in general terms, when he is an arbitrator, he is a representative of "the Court," for the occasion a sort of officer of the great Temple of Justice in the Strand, responsible to the judicial authorities there for the due observance of all their formalities, and liable to have his decision set aside more or less scornfully, if it is found to be (ceremonially) "irregular." When, on the other hand, he is a valuer, his position is much more potent; it is indeed despotic; no authority at Temple Bar can even look at his decrees; he may award, perhaps by the most patent mistake of a copying clerk, ten thousand pounds instead of tenpence, and the judges will only cheerfully remark that they have "no jurisdiction." Consequently, when the most experienced of practical architects, in pursuance of the well-known stipulations of the ordinary building contract, refuses to approve certain materials or workmanship—provided there is no new-fashioned "arbitration" clause—he is an "arbitrator" under the Arbitration Act, and may be threatened with an appeal to the lawyers; but when the least experienced of young gentlemen (speaking reverentially of them all) "measures up the extras," he is not an arbitrator at all, but a "valuer," and whatever amount he declares to be the balance due is to be accepted on one side and paid on the other without any further inquiry and without even a word of explanation. There is here indicated what must be called a weak point in all processes of arbitration—there is no provision for correction. When the Lord Chief Justice himself delivers a judgment, it may be appealed against; and even the Court of Appeal may be appealed against in its turn; indeed, to show how very substantial is this principle, it sometimes seems as if great lawyers almost chuckled over the opportunity of under-rating each other's intellectual powers. But when a palpable misadventure occurs in the result of a lay reference, the same high authorities will with still greater complacency remind a complainant that he has chosen his own course of settlement, and cannot with any reason object to take the consequences. He has preferred to dispense with the Courts of Law, and can scarcely expect those tribunals to help him out of the pit in which he has thus landed himself. Accordingly, the well-known cynical maxim, that an arbitrator should never give reasons for his decision, comes into play with a particularly selfish kind of force; the arbitrator, for the sake of his own peace, carefully

avoids any indication of what is passing in his mind, and in drawing his written award confines himself to such phraseology as shall the most effectually conceal his motives. It is to the credit of our architects that in their ordinary business of directing the builder they do not avail themselves of any such rule. Their reasons are plainly stated, and, if necessary, argued out; in fact, with all the safeguards of an "arbitration clause," it is scarcely ever found that builders appeal against their decision—simply, we may venture to say, because of the straightforwardness of it. So also, when the measuring surveyor comes in, as the architect's delegate, to make up the accounts, it is still the custom to allow the builder every facility for taking his own part. But we must not suppose that an architect is bound by law, however much in honour, to act thus generously; on the contrary, as a "valuer" duly appointed between the parties by the well-known clause in the building agreement, he is legally as despotic as a Czar; he can do his work, or get no matter whom to do it in his name, as badly as he pleases, and, if he has what some would call the good sense to keep his reasons to himself, can deliver his "valuation," duly stamped, with the serene assurance that not even an earthquake can shake it. Therefore let it be always borne in mind, first, that the appointment of an architect, or of a surveyor, or the acceptance of his appointment, in view of such potentialities, is not a thing to be done at random; secondly, that in all cases of reference the selection of the referee is half the battle; thirdly, that the selection, or more especially the acceptance, of a "valuer" is an especially hazardous measure; and, fourthly, it may be added that the position of an umpire is still more irresponsible than that of the most irresponsible referee.

ROBERT KERR.

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SOME POPULAR TREATISES.

Old Chester: etched and described by H. Hovell Crickmore. 8o. Lond. 1895. Price 7s. 6d. net. [Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., 69, Great Eastern Street, E.C.]

Venice. By Daniel Pidgeon, F.R.G.S., Assoc. Inst. C.E. Fcp. 8o. Lond. 1895. Price 3s. 6d. [Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, W.C.]

An Elementary History of Art—Architecture, Sculpture, Painting. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers). 4th edit., newly revised by the author. 8o. Lond. 1895. Price 10s. 6d. [Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.]

Mr. H. Hovell Crickmore has described Old Chester in a very interesting book which he has himself illustrated with a score of capital etchings. The style is perhaps too uniformly familiar; the plates show a consummate artist more in love with his subject than the letterpress would sometimes lead to suppose; or, perhaps, Mr. Crickmore has tried to hide under a smile the depth of

his feelings at seeing quaint, lovely, old sixteenth-century Chester pass away so rapidly.

It is for all lovers of their country and of their native place—and I suppose Mr. Crickmore to be a Cestrian—a cause of sadness to witness how Time sweeps away the old places which we loved, and which were so intimately connected with our history. And what a gulf such a disappearance opens between succeeding generations! We cling to those places with a sort of passionate fondness; we try to restore them—and I am glad that Mr. Crickmore should approve of many of the restorations which have taken place in Chester. But restorations remind one of Jeannot, who had a new handle put to his knife and then a new blade, and was fond of believing that it was still the same knife. We try to deceive ourselves, but it will soon be to such books as Mr. Crickmore's that one will have to go to study and admire "the veterans that have seen so many changes "and withstood the wear and tear of so many "seasons."

Mr. Crickmore has many curious stories to relate of the worthies who lived in Chester in days gone by. The government of Chester was a perilous post to hold, and the place must have been an unpleasant one to live in. And yet people seemed to thrive in it. Business went on and flourished in the midst of intestine wars, and of that long and bloody struggle with the Welsh. By the way, our author is perhaps a little too hard on the hillmen. They were a brave and warlike race, anxious, above all, to protect the independence of their country, and they deserve our respect. The Stanleys were for a long time the ruling family in Chester. Their coat-of-arms is still to be seen with the three armed legs, the cognisance of the Earls of Derby as kings in Man. Mr. Crickmore makes a mistake in believing that the sovereignty of Man was sold by the Stanleys to the Crown in the time of the second Charles, not long after the Restoration. The sovereignty of the island was only purchased in 1765 for 70,000*l.* from Charlotte, daughter of James, Duke of Athole, heir-general to the 10th Earl of Derby, who had died in 1736 without issue male. I confess that I cannot agree with Mr. Crickmore in his appreciation of Margaret of Anjou's father, good King René. He speaks well of Margaret, and of the dauntless courage with which she upheld the cause of the last of the Lancastrians. Hapless queen! well could she write on her breviary the opening words of the Ecclesiastes: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." But René was not a frivolous, easy, lute-playing, trivial personage. He was no mean poet. He was a good and valiant soldier, a true and loving husband, and in the south of France his name is still a by-word.

I cannot follow Mr. Crickmore in his rambles about Chester. His chapters on the city walls,

on St. John's Church, and the Cathedral are most interesting. "A long technical disquisition upon the architectural beauties and peculiarities of the Cathedral is not a part of my plan," says he, but he gives enough details to guide the ever-increasing class of thoughtful amateurs. The last chapter of the book is most fitly devoted to Hawarden Castle, where in the evening of his life dwells another of those veterans who have seen, and in this case made, so many changes.

It is, even in these days of quick and easy travelling, a long journey from Chester to Venice. Surely no visit to Venice could be made with a better cicerone than Mr. Pidgeon. The writer is an engineer by profession. He is also somewhat of a poet. He speaks learnedly of architecture, and his chapter on Venetian art is excellent. This little book contains in a few pages much food for thought. Mr. Pidgeon speaks highly of Giovanni Bellini, of whom Kingsley said: "A noble, 'simple, brave, godly man was old John Bellini, 'and never lost his head, though princes were 'flattering him and snobs following him with 'shouts and blessings for his noble pictures, as 'if he had been a man sent from God Himself; 'as indeed he was, as all great painters are; for 'who but God makes beauty?'" The chapter on St. Mark's is of deep interest. Mr. Pidgeon has also heard in Venice "the everlasting note of sadness." Of the beautiful Venetian palaces one is now occupied by Salviati's glass furnaces and showrooms; in another the Murano Glass Company carry on a similar business; a third is crowded with girls weaving lace for the house of Jesurum, and so on, while not a few are now hotels.

In her *Elementary History of Art* Mrs. Arthur Bell devotes but a few lines to St. Mark's, and two pages only to Venetian art. It is the fate of handbooks that they must condense in 300 pages the materials of a large library, and so leave much untold. However, Mrs. Bell has fulfilled her task with great care and obvious success, as is shown by the book having reached a fourth edition. I regret that Mrs. Bell should not have given more importance to the various schools of Art in France. Her list of French architects is sadly deficient. In her chapter on English architecture the writer speaks well of that wonderful building, Henry VII.'s Chapel, of which Washington Irving said, "Stone seems, by the cunning 'labour of the chisel, to have been robbed of its 'weight and density, suspended aloft as if by 'magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the 'wonderful minuteness and airy security of a 'cobweb.'" But I do not think that Mrs. Bell is justified in calling St. Paul's the finest Protestant cathedral in the world, if it were only for this reason: that at the time of its construction the Court inclined towards Romanism, and caused Sir Christopher Wren to alter his original plan, according to which the building was to have the

form of a Greek cross, with an enormous cupola resting on eight pillars, and to adopt the actual plan, a long choir being necessary to the Romish ceremonials. I know for my part of no Protestant church which reminds me more of a Roman Catholic building than St. Paul's.

Mrs. Bell will do well to rectify the spelling of the names of a number of French sculptors. It cannot really be said that M. Guillaume ever broke loose from the trammels of convention, and treated his sculptural subjects in a realistic manner. Everybody now agrees to place Philippe de Champaigne in the French school of Painting. In the contemporary German school the glorious Adolf Menzel deserves more than a mere mention. Mrs. Bell is a little too hard on David, and I do not think that Ingres was ever overrated. The spelling of the names of numerous French painters should also be corrected. But these remarks are in nowise meant to depreciate the value of a book which shows considerable research, and may prove most useful as a kind of stepping-stone to further and deeper studies.

A. BARTHÉLEMY.

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THE LAW OF LIGHT.

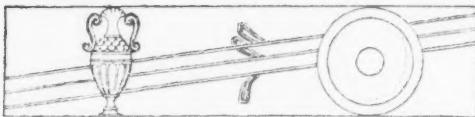
A Digest of the Law of Light, with an Appendix of Statutes, Forms, and Plans. By Edward Stanley Roscoe, Barrister-at-Law. Third edition. 8o. Lond. 1895. Price 3s. 6d. [Messrs. Reeves & Turner, 100, Chancery Lane.]

The third edition of this little book—well printed, well illustrated by practical examples, with a useful appendix and an index—sufficiently explains the law of light as it exists at the present day, and it differentiates this law from any which may attach to air. The two are clearly divisible, and it may be well, in the future, to speak of ordinary cases as "light" cases, rather than as "light and air" cases. Perhaps one of the most important cases recently decided is that of *Wheaton v. Maple*.*

In this case the question arose as to whether the Prescription Act ran against the Crown and its lessees. It had been previously decided that it did not run against the Crown, but this was an instance in which Messrs. Maple, as Crown lessees, considered that they were, for the purposes of a "light" action, practically the Crown. Mr. Justice Kekewich thought differently, but the Court of Appeal agreed with the defence set up by Messrs. Maple. Therefore the law, as it now stands, enables the Crown and its lessees to carry up a new building to any legal height, I presume (*i.e.* the height allowed by the London Building Act 1894), without risk of successful interference on the part of any person whose light may be injured by the new building.

W.M. WOODWARD.

* The R.I.B.A. JOURNAL, Vol. IX. N.S. 487.



MINUTES. XII.

At the Twelfth General Meeting (Ordinary) of the Session, held on Monday, 20th April 1896, at 8 p.m., Mr. Aston Webb, F.S.A., Vice-President, in the Chair, with 22 Fellows (including 10 members of the Council), 22 Associates, 2 Hon. Associates, and several visitors, the Minutes of the Meeting held 30th March 1896 [p. 364] were taken as read and signed as correct.

The Hon. Secretary announced the decease of the Chevalier J. da Silva, *Hon. Corr. Member*, Portugal; and of Arthur Billing, *Fellow*.

Papers by Mr. Halsey Ricardo, Architect, and Mr. Christopher Whall, Painter, entitled *THE ARCHITECT'S USE OF COLOUR*, were read by the authors, and discussed. A vote of thanks having been passed, the proceedings terminated at 10 p.m.

ARCHITECTS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

Response to Mr. Penrose's Appeal [p. 330].

The Assistant-Secretary of the Architects' Benevolent Society reports that the Hon. Treasurer (Mr. Arthur Cates) has received the following sums of money in response to the recent appeal made by the President of the Society (as well as of the Institute) on behalf of the Society:—

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* Subscription increased to this amount.

† New annual subscriber.

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